“Hightstown, NJ”

By: Cynthia Pando

It is extremely pretty

Even though it is not a city

I lived there for many years

It is the place that I shed many tears

I was not born here

But in my heart I hold it so dear

I made many friends even though I only talk to one

Who says she wants to become a nun

I lived there in an apartment not in a house

I remember when I saw in the apartment’s kitchen, a mouse

Hightstown is where I developed my dream

To become a pediatrician and have my parents beam

My life back then was simple

I never even got a pimple

I remember the light spring breeze

And how much my friends would tease

Even though I got tired of the small town

I don’t remember wearing a frown